Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleeve me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grand-fathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knave, to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, *Hoſteſſe*, and he ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,